THE CHARACTER.

1679.

THe *Lords* and *Commons* having had their doom,
The baniſh'd *Romans* ſince ſupply their room,
And in full *Herds* they publiquely appear,
Bearding both *Proteſtant* and *Presbyter*;
Yet do not ſo reſent the foul Affront
To take up *Armes* and make Rebellion on't:
Nor do not ſleep but by the *Drum* and *Fife*
To keep thy Throat from bloody *Jeſuit's* Knife;
Though Murther be in us a bloody Fact,
In holy *Prieſt* it is an holy Act,
If *Prieſt* and *Knife* be conſecrated, then,
By *Blood* and *Maſſacre* they Heaven win,
When we poor Souls are damn'd for the ſame Sin
Who would not be a ſacred *Prieſt* to *Rome*,
When they can ſave or give Eternal doom?
Make *Virtue* damn'd, and meritorious *Vice*,
They ſnatch from *Hell* and ſend to *Paradiſe*.
And more to compleat their further Glory,
They call and take a touch in *Purgatorie*.
Since that the Bug-Bear *Parliament* was fled,
Bold was the man durſt ſay, That *Godfrey's* dead,
Or in *Rome's* Slaughter-houſe his Blood was ſhed,
Or Prieſts contriv'd to have him murthered.
Or who dares ſay, The *Temple* was on fire
By the contrivance of ſome Prieſt or Fryar?

To burn *Commissions* hid in *Langhorn*'s Room,
To blind the *Plot*, and clear the *Lords* of *Rome*?
O! People all so weak as not to see
Your selves betray'd by your own Foolerie!
Contending with your *King*, his Laws and Power,
Intrenching on his *Prerogative* each hour;
Flying i'th Face of his Supremacy,
With sawcy *Libelling* and *Ribauldry*.
The seed o'th Serpent is abroad again,
To teach young Colt his black Rebellion,
Form'd and begot i'th old damn'd *Stallion*:
Whose pregnant Issue's quick and nimble sence,
Exactly copies their *Syre's* Impudence:
Treading his *Steps* with a full strong source,
Flyes in the Face of *Majesty* in course:
The *young* out-throwes the *old* at least a Barr;
For they but only 'gainst the *King* made War:
But these young *Start-ups* in bold and thundring words,
Dare both the *King*, his *Bishops*, and his *Lords*;
And would subvert at once, and at one hour
The *Royal-Office* and the *Supreme Power*;
Make King and Peers but Cyphers in the State,
And they the powerful Figures of Debate.
Traytor and *Presbyter* do seem two things;
But equal is the venom of their stings.
Against *Prerogative* they plead Priviledge,
That Fatal By-blow with a double edge.
The Infatuated *Jewes*, their sence being gon,
Made War among themselves, and still fought on,
Till they were conquered by *Vespasian*.
So You fall out, like senceless stones and stocks,
Flying at each other even like Dogs and Cocks:
To satisfie *YOUR* Pride, *WEE* split on Rocks.
In short, Fanatique's Character is this,
THEY'RE Cursed Obstacles o'th Nations Bliss.

FINIS.